ROBIN Conſcience; &c.
Conſcionable ROBIN.
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16-716

ROBIN CONSCIENCE:

Or, Conſcionable ROBIN.

His Progreſſe through Court, City and Countrey: With his Entertainment at each ſeverall Place, &c.

LONDON,

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Robin Conſcience.

His Progreſſe through Court, City, and Countrey.

I Have bin quite through England wide
With many a faint and weary ſtride,
To ſee what people there abide
that loves me.

Poore Robin Conſcience is my Name,
Soore bered with reproach and blame,
For all where ever yet I came
reproove me.

Few now endure my preſence here,
I ſhall be baniſht quite I feare,
I am deſpiſed every where.
and ſcorned.

Yet 'tis my Fortune now and than
To meet ſome good woman or man
Who have (when they my woes did ſcan)
ſore mourned.

I thinke that Conſcience is deſpiſed,
Which ought to be moſt highly priſed:
This trick the Divell hath deviſed
to blind men.

'Cauſe Conſcience tells them of their wayes
Which are ſo wicked now adayes,
They ſtop their eares to what he ſayes,
unkind man.

I firſt of all went to the Court,
Where Lords and Ladies did reſort,
My entertainment there was ſhort,
cold welcome.

As ſoone as e're my Name they heard,
They ran away full ſore afraid,
And thought ſome Goblin had appear'd
from hell come.

Conſcience quoth one, be gone with ſpeed,
The Court few of thy names doe breed,
We of thy preſence have no need:
be walking.

Thou tel'ſt us of our Pride and Luſt
Which ſpite of thee we follow muſt:
So out of Court was Conſcience thruſt;
no talking.

Thus baniſht from the Court I went
To Weſtminſter incontinent:
Where I (alas) was ſorely ſhent
for comming.

The Lawyers did againſt me plead,
It was no great matter ſome there ſaid,
If Conſcience quite were knockt i'th head,
then running.

From them I fled with winged haſt
(They did ſo threaten me to baſt,)
Thought it was vaine my breath to waſt
in Counſell.

For

For Lawyers cannot me abide,
Because for falshood I them chide;
And he that holds not on their side,
must downe still.

Unto the City hy'd I then,
To try what welcome there Trades men
Would give poore Robin Conscience when
I came there.

The Shop-keepers that use deceit,
Did come about me and did threat,
Unlesse I would be gone, to beat
me lame there.

And every one both high and low,
Held Conscience as a mortall Foe;
Because he doth ill vices show
each minute:

Therefore the City in uproare
Against me rose, and me so sore
That I am resolv'd Ile never more
come in it.

On Friday I to Smithfield went,
Where being come incontinent,
The Horse-coursers with one consent
did chide me:

They said that I was not my selfe,
And said that I was a pinching elfe,
And they could get more Rore of pelfe
besides me.

I told them of a Cheating trick,
Which makes the Horsee run and kick,
But Putting in an Eele that's quick
i'th belly.

Another which they use full oft,
To heare their lame Jades heads aloft,
And beat their buttocks till they'r soft,
as Jelly.

I told them that their wealth would rot,
That they by cheating men thus got,
But they for this same tale would not
abide me.

And charg'd me quickly to be gone,
Quoth they, of Conscience we vse none,
Those whom I follow with my mone,
out-ride me.

From thence I stept into Long-lane.
Where many Brokers doe remaine,
To try how they would entertaine,
poore Conscience.

But my name when I them told,
The women did begin to scold,
The Men said, they that word did hold
but non sence.

For Conscience is so hard a word,
That scarce a Broker can afford
To read it; for his mouth is Cor'd
with lying.

He knowes not what this Conscience meanes,
What is no cause unto his gaines;
Thus I was scorned for my paines,
all crying,

Away with Conscience from this Lane,
For we his presence doe disdaine,
They said, if I come there againe,
among them.

They said they'd bang me back and syde
Being menac'd thus away I hyde:
Thus worldlings thinke that when I chide
I wrong them.

Among the Butchers then went I,
As soone as they did me espy,
They threatned me most spightfully
to kill me.

Quoth one, if Conscience here should dwell,
Wee were not able to live well,
For could we gaine by th'meat we sell,
nor will wee:

Be bound to follow Conscience nice,
Which would confine us to a price,
Robin be rul'd by us advice
quoth he then.

And get thee to some other place,
Wee hate to looke thus in the face,
I hearing this, from thence apace
and did flye them.

To

To Newgate Market went I then,
Where Country-women, Maids and men,
Were ſelling needfull things, and when
they ſaw me;

At me one Butter-woman raiſes,
Whoſe butter weigh'd not down the ſcales,
Another comes and with her nailes,
did claw me;

The Bakers which ſtood on a row,
Began to brawle at me alſo,
And charged me away to goe,
becauſe I

Told them that they'd make leſſer Bread,
Did not the Law put them in dread,
Ther's ſome of them would with them dead
might lawes dye.

Thus chid of them my way I take
Unto Pye-corner, where a Cake
Glaunc't at me as the Devle did look
o're Lincolne.

Conſcience, quoth he, thou ſhewſt no wit,
In comming to this place unſit,
Ile run thée thorow with a ſpit:
then thinke on

Theſe words to thée which I have ſaid,
I cannot live well by my trade,
If I ſhould ſtill require thy aide
in ſelling,

Some

Sometimes one ſpunt I muſt roſt thrice,
Ere I can ſell it at my price,
Then here's for thée (who art ſo nice)
no dwelling.

Perforce he drave me backwards ſtill,
Untill I came unto Snow-hill:
The Sale-men there with voices ſhrill
fell on me:

I was ſo irkſome to their ſight,
That they conjured me to flight,
Or elſe they ſwore (ſuch was their ſpight)
they'd ſtone me.

At Turn-againe-Lane, the Fiſh wives there,
And wenches did ſo raile and ſweare,
Quoth they, no Conſcience ſhall come here
we hate him.

Their Bodges which for half pecks goe,
They vowed at my head to throw;
No Conſcience they were bred to know
but prating.

Away thus frighted by thoſe Scolds,
To Fleet-ſtreet ſtreight my love it holds
Where men whoſe tongues were made in
of flattery; (molds

Did cry, what lack you Country man;
But ſeeing me away they ran,
As though the enemy had began
his battery.

One

One ſaid to others, Sir ill newes,
Here Conſcience comes vs to abuſe
Let us his preſence all refuſe
together,
And boldly ſtand againſt him all,
We ne're had uſe of him nor ſhall
Be live, with vs, what chance did call
him hither?

The Haberdaſhers that ſell hats,
Hit Robin Conſcience many pats,
And like a company of Cats
they ſcratcht him.

Quoth they, why com'ſt thou unto us?
We love not Conſcience ruffling thus,
They give him words oppriobrious,
and matcht him.

The Mercers and Silkemen alſo,
That live in Pater-noſter-row:
Their hate againſt poor Conſcience ſhow,
and when I
Came to that place they all did ſet
On me, cauſe I their gaine would let
Who will both ſweare and lye to get
one penny.

From thence unto Cheap-ſide I paſt,
Where words in vaine I long did waſt
Out of the place I ſoone was chaſt,
Quoth one man,

Conſci-

Conſcience, for thy preſumption baſe,
Intruding to this Golden place,
Thou death deſerv'ſt, therefore a-pace
be gone man.

Moſt thinke that we have ſo much Gold,
Before our eyes ſtill to behold,
Will thus by Conſcience be controld'
and curbed?

Oh no, poore fellow, haſt away,
For if long in this place thou ſtay,
Thou ſhalt be (Ile be bold to ſay)
diſturbed.

From thence I turned downe Bread-ſtreet,
A Cheeſe-monger I there did meet,
He hyed away with winged feet
to ſhun me.

How now quoth I, why run you ſo,
Quoth he, becauſe I well doe know,
That thou art Conſcience my old foe,
thou'ſt done me

Great wrong, while I made uſe of thee,
And dealt with all men honeſtly,
A Rich man I could never be;
but ſince then.

I baniſht have thy company,
And us'd Deceit with thoſe that buy;
I thrive, and therefore Robin bie
thee hence then.

It

I left him with his bad intent,
And into Fiſh-ſtreet ſtreight I went,
Among thoſe Lads who wiſh that Lent
were all the yeare,

As ſoone as ere they me eſpied,
They all at once upon me cride,
And ſwore that Conſcience ſhould not guide
a ſtall there.

I ſeeing things thus ſeeming ſtrange,
That all men did from godneſſe range
Did hie me ſtraight to the Exchange
a Marchant

Was ſo frighted when I came,
But preſently he blaſht for ſhame,
His countenance did ſhew the ſame
in ſearch out.

Quoth he, friend Robin, what doſt thou
Come here among us Marchants now,
Our buſineſſe will not us allow
to uſe thée.

For we have trafficke without thee,
And thrive beſt if thou abſent be:
I, for my part will utterly
refuſe thee.

I being thus abus'd below,
Did walke my ſtaires where on a row
Brave Hops of Mary did make a ſhow
moſt ſumptuous.

But

But when the Shop-folke me did ſpy.
They drew their darke-light inſtantly,
And ſaid, in comming there was I
preſumptuous.

The gallant Girles that there ſold knacks
Which Ladies and brave women lacks,
When they did ſee me, they did ware
in choller.

Quoth they, we n're knew Conſcience yet,
And if he comes our gaines to let,
We'll baniſh him, he'll here not get
one Scholler.

I being ſéred thus and ſcorned,
Went downe the ſtaires, and ſorely mourned
Me thinke that I ſhould thus be turn'd
a begging.

To Gracious-ſtreet I went along,
Where dwell a great ungracious throng,
That will deceive both old and young,
with cogging:

As Drapers, Mouſterers, and ſuch
Who thinke they never get to much,
The word Conſcience to them is Dutch,
or Spaniſh.

And harder ſo, for Speech they'l learne
With all their heart to ſerve their turne:
But Conſcience (when they him diſcerne)
they baniſh.

I seeing all the City given
To vse deceit in spight of Heaven,
To leave their company I was driuen
perforce then.

So ouer London bridge in hast,
I hist and coast of all men past,
That I to Southwarke tooke at last,
my course then.

When I came there I hop'd to find
Welcome according to my mind,
But they were rather more vnkind
then London.

All sorts of Men and Women there,
Askt how I durst to them appeare,
And swore my presence they would cleere
abandon.

I being sore athirst did goe
Vnto an Ale house in the row,
Meaning a penny to bestow
in strong Beere.

But 'cause Iohn a Nuart did call,
My Hostis swore she'd bring me small,
Or else I should have none at all,
thus wrong'd there.

I bad her on her Licence looke,
Sh sir, quoth she, you are mistooke,
I have my Lesson without booke
most perfect.

It

So out o'th dores I went with speed;
And glad she was to be thus freed
Of Conscience, that she might still speed
in frothing.

Into the Kings-Beach I needs would goe,
The Jaylor did me backwards throw;
Quoth he, for Conscience here you know,
is nothing.

Through Blackman street I went where
Stood gazing there in many dores: (whores
There two or three Bawds against me rores
most lowdly.

And bad me get me hence a pace,
Or else they'd claw me by the face;
They swore they scorn'd me and all grace,
most proudly.

I walkt into Mr. George Field,
Where rooking Rascals I beheld,
That all the years [illegible] doe build
on Cheating.

They were close playing at Kine-pins,
I came and told them of their sins;
Then [illegible]
intreating.

That I would not torment them so;
I told them that I would not goe;
[illegible]
[illegible]

And

And yet we'l banish thee perforce:
When he began to ſwear and curſe,
And ſaid, prate on till thou art hoarſe,
and ſpare not.

I left them in their wickednesse,
And went along in great distresse
Bewailing of my bad successe
and spyed

A wind-mill standing there hard by,
Towards the same then paſſed I,
But when the miller did me spie,
he stryed;

Away with Conſcience I'le none such,
That ſmell of honeſty ſo much,
I ſhall not quickly fill my hutch,
by due tale.

I muſt from every buſhell of Peaſe,
A peck, if not three gallons Teaſe,
Therefore with thee I will not deale
thou true ſoule.

Then leaving City, skirts and all,
Where my welcome was but ſmall,
I went to try what would befall
i'th Countrey.

There thought I to be entertain'd:
But I was like with them diſdain'd,
A long time bootleſſe I complain'd
to th' Country.

And yet no ſervice could I have:
Yet if I would have play'd the Knaves
I might have had maintenance braue
among them.

Becauſe that I was Conſcience poore,
Alas, they thruſt me out of doore,
For Conſcience many of them ſwore,
did wrong them.

Then went I to the Yeomanry,
And Farmers of the Country,
Deſiring them moſt heartily
to take me:

I told them I would ſell their Corne
Vnto the poore: but they did turne
Me out of doores, and with great ſcorne
forſake me.

One ſaid he had no vſe of me
To ſell his Corne, for I quoth he,
Muſt not be onely rul'd by thee
in ſelling.

If I ſhall Conſcience entertaine,
Hee'd make me leaue ingroſſing Graine,
Here is for thee I tell thee plaine
no dwelling.

Thus from the Rich men of the world,
Poore Conſcience vp and downe is hurld
Like angry Gnats at me they fwarld
and cheekt me.

Alas

Alas what ſhall I doe, thought I
Poore Robin muſt I ſtarve and dye?
I that I muſt, if no body
reſpect me.

At laſt, I to my ſelfe bethought,
Where I muſt goe: and be adew brought
Me to a place, where poore folks wrought
moſt ſorely.

And there they entertain'd me well,
With whom I ever meane to dwell,
With them to ſtay, if thus befell
though poorely.

Thus people that doe labour hard,
Have Robin Conſcience in regard;
For which they ſhall have their reward
in Heaven.

For all their ſorrow here on Earth,
They ſhall be filled with true mirth,
Crownes ſhall to them at ſecond birth
be given.

And all thoſe Caitiffes that denyd
To entertaine him for their guide,
When they by Conſcience ſhall be tride,
and judged.

Then will they wiſh that they had ne'r
Poore Conſcience whom they have refus'd,
Whoſe company they have abus'd,
and grudged.

Thus

Thus Robin Conſcience that hath had
Amongſt moſt men but welcome bad,
He now hath found to make him glad
abiding.

Amongſt honeſt folks that have no Lands;
But get their living with their hands:
Theſe are his friends that to him ſtands,
and's guiding.

Theſe ſtill keepe Conſcience from grim death,
And ne're gain-ſay what e're he ſaith,
Theſe lead their Lives to hers beneath;
that dying,

They may aſcend from poverty,
To Glory and great Dignity,
Where they ſhall live and never dye,
while crying

In Hell the wicked lye, who would
Not ule true Conſcience as they ſhould,
This is but for a Pozall told
you in it.

He that obſerves, may ſomewhat ſpy,
That ſavours of Divinity;
For Conſcionable folks did I
begin it.

And ſo I'le bring all to an end,
It can no honeſt man offend;
For thoſe that Conſcience have defend,
it praiſes.

And

his Progreſſe
And if that any gall'd jade kick
The Author hath devised a trick
To turn him loose i' th' fields to pick
up daiſes.

FINIS.